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[*Established in* 1823.]

GROVER & BAKER'S
NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.
THE BEST IN USE.
495 BROADWAY, New-York,
182 FULTON-STREET, Brooklyn.

ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL. NEW VOL. ENLARGED SIZE. Edited by practical men, and Illustrated. Weekly. $2 a year The most Valuable paper of its kind ever published Publisher, A. HARTHILL, 128 Fulton-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT 113 NASSAU STREET.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

Do You Intend to Travel?

If so, secure at once a copy of NORTON'S HAND-BOOK TO EUROPE, which you will find a complete guide as to Hotels, Routes, Expenses, etc. etc., with a new Railway Map, for an *entire tour* through Europe. Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1.
CHARLES B. NORTON, Agent for Libraries,
Irving Building, 504 Broadway, New York.

VANITY FAIR.

The interest of FRANK J. THOMPSON in this paper ceases from this date.

All persons having claims against him, as publisher of VANITY FAIR, will please present them for settlement at the office, 113 Nassau-street, to
LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Apr. 23d. Publisher for the Proprietors.

Do You Intend to Remain at Home?

If so, you will secure at once a copy of NORTON'S HAND-BOOK TO EUROPE. Giving a complete and perfect view of all the principal cities and places of interest in Europe, including, also, Egypt, Morocco, and the Mediterranean. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of $1. Address CHARLES B. NORTON,
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USE

A. WING'S CELEBRATED FARINA CRACKERS.

SOLD BY ALL THE BEST

FAMILY GROCERIES IN NEW YORK.

FILMER & CO., ELECTROTYPERS,
17 DUTCH-STREET, CORNER OF FULTON,
NEW-YORK,

Are now electrotyping regularly the following periodicals, viz: Five sets of New-York Ledger; The New-York Mercury; Scientific American; Two sets Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper; Frank Leslie's Illustrated Zeitung; New-York Illustrated News; VANITY FAIR; Together with an immense amount of Engravings and Printers' Jobs. By having the largest facilities in the shape of Electrotype materials, together with thoroughly competent workmen, they can concentrate their force on any given work, and turn out in one day more than any other Electrotype establishment can in a week.

WING & WINANS,
DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES,
AND
STATIONERY,
OF ALL KINDS,
418 BROADWAY, CORNER OF CANAL STREET,
NEW-YORK.

DERR, THOMPSON & CO.,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF
COTTON,
TOBACCO,
FLOUR,
GRAIN,
PROVISIONS,
WHISKEY,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
NO. 6 CAMDEN STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

☞ *Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments.*

BACK NUMBERS OF
VANITY FAIR
May be obtained of the Newsdealers at any time, as the paper is Electrotyped.

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE *(who has called to see her friend Bridget)*.—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

SULLIVAN AND HYATT,
Agents of the Patentee, 54 Beekman-street, New-York.

A GREAT GOSPEL PICTURE.
THE CHEAPEST ENGRAVING EVER PUBLISHED.

Dayton & Co.'s Magnificent Engraving of Thorwaldsen's
SACRED STATUARY
in the Cathedral of Copenhagen, representing
CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES,
Is Now Ready,
and orders for it are pouring in by every mail, both from the
CLERGY AND THE LAITY.
This great Work of Art is the only memento now existing in this country of those
MIRACLES IN MARBLE,
which divide with the classic sculptures of ancient Greece and Rome
THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD.
Although the original models, sent to this country in 1850, have been unfortunately DESTROYED BY FIRE, the
SACRED GROUP,
depicted in bold relief, and occupying a space of *two feet by three,*
STILL SURVIVES
in this Grand Engraving, copied by
PERMISSION OF THE DANISH GOVERNMENT,
From the Copenhagen Statues.

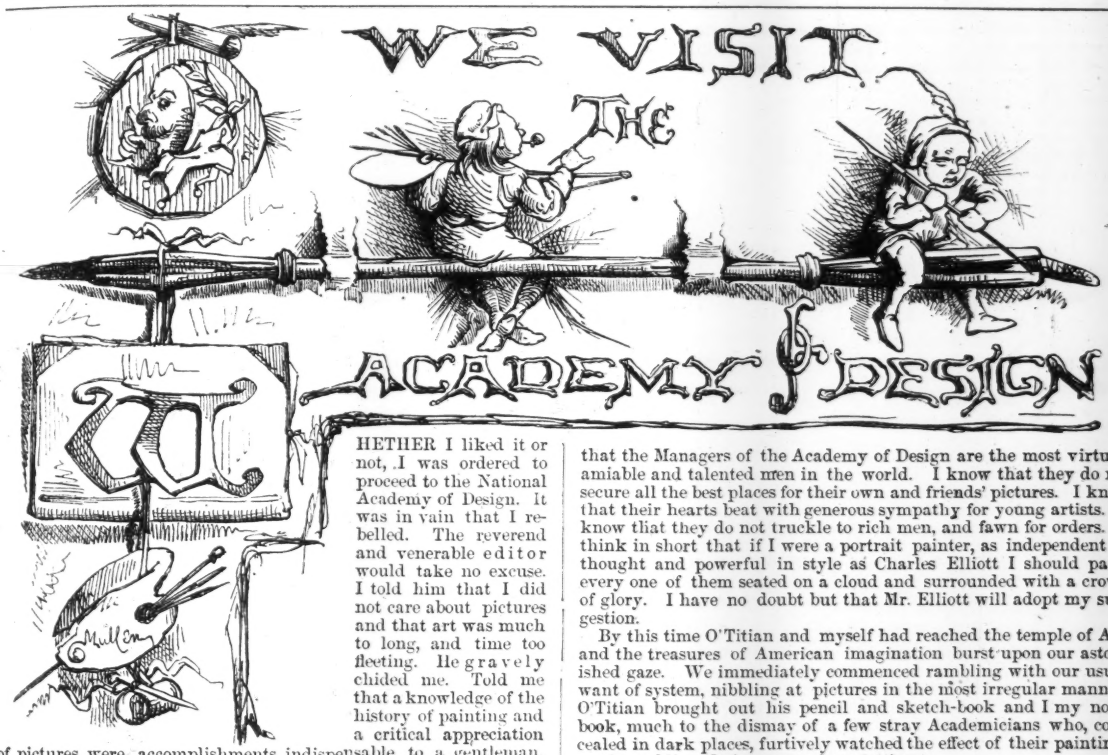
FIVE SACRED SCENES
of Gospel History are portrayed in the Architectural Border that surrounds the main picture, viz.:
John Preaching in the Wilderness.
"He that cometh after me is mightier than I; whose shoes I am not worthy to bear."
Jesus Baptized of John.
"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."
Christ Blessing Little Children.
"Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the Kingdom of God."
The Last Supper.
"This do in Remembrance of me."
The Three Marys at the Sepulchre.
"They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

Our Engraving of "Christ and his Apostles" is therefore
SIX SCRIPTURAL PICTURES IN ONE.

From Rev. Dr. Prime, Editor of the N. Y. Observer.
"DAYTON'S ENGRAVINGS.—We have every reason to believe that there will be the proper response from Mr. Dayton's establishment, to any letters containing money, for its splendid works of art."

PRICE PER COPY, $2,
Including a beautiful Bible, with velvet cover, gilt-edged leaves, and rich clasps and mountings, worth at retail the price of the picture. Orders from the country must inclose $2 25, the twenty-five cents being for postage on the Engraving and Bible.
In offering this Engraving at the low price of $1, we are convinced that it is within the reach of every minister of the Gospel.
One Dollar and Twelve Cents in Stamps will secure a LETTER OF AGENCY, stating Special Terms, with one copy of the Engraving.
Any person sending us Five Subscribers—$5, and 60 cents for postage—shall receive a copy of this Engraving gratis.
Address DAYTON & CO.,
No. 37 Park Row.

ALSO IN PRESS, and will be ready for delivery by 15th of April,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING
OF
CHRIST'S DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.
From Rubens' Celebrated Painting,
—Embracing 20 different colors, shades and tints,—presenting all the attractiveness of an Oil Painting. The size is 2 feet by 32 inches. Price $2, with 12 cents to prepay postage.
DAYTON & CO.,
37 Park Row.



WHETHER I liked it or not, I was ordered to proceed to the National Academy of Design. It was in vain that I rebelled. The reverend and venerable editor would take no excuse. I told him that I did not care about pictures and that art was much to long, and time too fleeting. He gravely chided me. Told me that a knowledge of the history of painting and a critical appreciation of pictures were accomplishments indispensable to a gentleman. He alluded to persons whom he named, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Velasquez, Murillo, and such like gentry. He would have proceeded to talk about "middle distance," "impasto," and "chiar oscuro," after the cheerful and intelligent manner of the *Saturday Press* man if I had not hastily seized my hat, and bolted for Tenth-street.

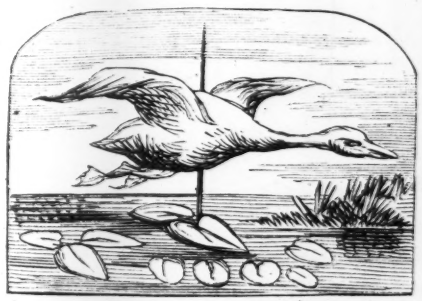
The opening of the National Academy of Design is a good thing for the Flaneurs. It is a perfect god-send to the dancing young men and women. It occurs just at the end of the season, when the crop of small talk that Young New York garnered for the winter's consumption is exhausted, and conversational famine stares them in the face. In this extremity they rush to Tenth-street, do a large amount of travel through the rooms, and for the remainder of the season gush with critical chit-chat.

I, in common with the rest of my species, being hard up for small talk about this time, proposed to my talented young friend Raphael O'Titian that we should do the Academy together. O'Titian is himself an artist of no mean ability, as the reader will presently perceive, and as we walked along Broadway on our artistic pilgrimage, he took the trouble to give me some information regarding the general principles on which the Academy is managed.

"The Committee, sir," said O'Titian, in a mellifluous brogue, "which is not transcribable, "is composed of a set of fossils. Old "Megatherium is President, Iguanodon is Vice, and Cynocephalus is "Corresponding Secretary. Their residences are built of the old red "sandstone, and they live on primeval vegetables. They have "a lofty contempt for the young men of the present day, and "Iguanodon looks on the artists of 1860, as his great Saurian name-"sake would look on so many lizards, 'Active animals, but degen-"erate,' he says to Megatherium, and the venerable humbugs set to "work praising each other. The whole governing clique of the "Institution," continues O'Titian, "is festering with piques and "petty jealousies. The members resemble the plates of a magnetic "battery, through which, when the poles are united, a gentle circular "current of mutual admiration runs; but if a foreign body (a new "artist, for instance,) is introduced to break the circuit, the fluid be-"comes deadly and the object is killed."

This blasphemy against so august a body made my blood run cold. I did not tell O'Titian that I knew why he indulged in this bitterness. I did not allude to the fact that his picture was rejected, or venture on the hypothesis that if it had been accepted he probably would have entertained different opinions. But I was not to be prejudiced by the violent language of my Celtic friend. I knew that the Managers of the Academy of Design are the most virtuous amiable and talented men in the world. I know that they do not secure all the best places for their own and friends' pictures. I know that their hearts beat with generous sympathy for young artists. I know that they do not truckle to rich men, and fawn for orders. I think in short that if I were a portrait painter, as independent in thought and powerful in style as Charles Elliott I should paint every one of them seated on a cloud and surrounded with a crown of glory. I have no doubt but that Mr. Elliott will adopt my suggestion.

By this time O'Titian and myself had reached the temple of Art, and the treasures of American imagination burst upon our astonished gaze. We immediately commenced rambling with our usual want of system, nibbling at pictures in the most irregular manner. O'Titian brought out his pencil and sketch-book and I my note-book, much to the dismay of a few stray Academicians who, concealed in dark places, furtively watched the effect of their paintings on the public. I give some of our jottings.



4. THE WOOD DUCK. W. J. HAYS.

No. 4. The Wood Duck. W. J. Hays. This is a stuffed duck very well drawn and tolerably well painted, but still stuffed. Let us hope with sage and onions. W. Hays is an excellent Taxidermist, and his present work is redolent of arsenical soap, chopped flax and iron wire. O'Titian has admirably caught the spirit of the picture.

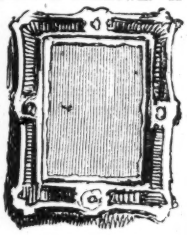
Let us pause before a gorgeous and wonderful picture of theatrical jewelry, accompanied by a female head. It is entitled Queen Vashti, and is painted by F. B. Carpenter. Never in the palmiest days of the Bowery, did human neck or forehead support bigger pearls, or more magnificent rubies than does this marvellous woman who simpers with an idiotic smile as if entirely unconscious of the splendor of her appearance. The reckless prodigality of the artist in the precious stone line puzzled O'Titian and myself at first. Why this expenditure of gems? At last I remembered that in the classic shades of Broome-street resides a mighty man named Williams, who, on the occasion of a certain fancy ball, converted by aid of false hair, cotton velvet, and a feather, the meek and moral subscriber into a swaggering and licentious Don Juan. I noticed at the time that Williams came out (in his window) very strong in the gem business. There was a diamond and sapphire diadem which must have been worth one or two millions of dollars. The size of the stones in shoe-buckles, and finger-rings was unlimited, and I

am certain that Williams is at any moment prepared to produce a diamond weighing ten thousand carats. But Williams is evidently determined that his gems of purest rays serene shall not waste their beauty in the unfathomed depths of Broome-street. The world shall know their luster. So he engages Mr. Carpenter to paint his best mock pearl necklace and exhibit it at the Academy as an advertisement of the wares of the costumer. He has forgotten, however, to attach his card, so I take this opportunity of calling public attention to him.

Number 321, by J. A. Baker is a portrait of one of the many children of the Father of His Country and I must say that the hereditary likeness is very striking. The artist modestly calls it in the catalogue a cabinet picture, but who that beheld that traditional hat, and those massive and venerable jaws, would not know instantly that the youthful hero must be named George Washington something or other? By a fine allegorical conception the artist has placed a penny trumpet in the hands of the illustrious infant. This is symbolical of the clarion blast of war that struck terror into British bosoms, and aroused the American Eagle from his slumbers. E pluribus unum! O'Titian's sketch is in his most felicitous manner.

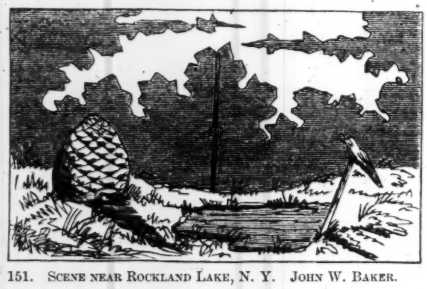
321. A Cabinet Picture. G. A. Baker.

"Justice not Revenge" by Charles Elliott. Number unknown. A splendid allegorical picture by this most admirable of American painters. It is rumored that this work has not met with the appreciation from the committee which so powerful a production deserved, but to me it is highly suggestive and full of meaning. A few more such pictures in the Academy would very soon place the Institution in the position which it ought long ago to have occupied.



"Justice, not Revenge." Charles L. Elliot.

151. John W. Hill favors us here with a view of a "cut scene "at Wallack's Theatre, with stage trap, and REAL PINE APPLE!!! in the foreground. This idea of Mr. Hill, of painting theatrical scenery is highly commendable, and deserves to be largely followed. If I may be allowed a little generous criticism, I would ask Mr. Hill why, in his otherwise excellent picture, did he omit the footlights. Surely in so careful a study, all details should be conscientiously brought out. Too much praise, however,



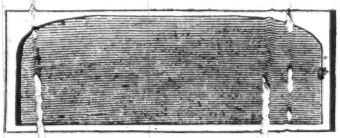
151. Scene near Rockland Lake, N. Y. John W. Baker.

cannot be given to the working-up of the pine apple, and the trap is full of breadth, and indeed for that matter, depth.

244. The Fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, by R. J. Pattison. This Isosceles triangle is drawn with a mathematical prescision that does honor to the painter's scholastic days. The left angle is conceived and expressed with great power and intensity, and there is mingled truth and tenderness in the base line. The apex is beautifully transparent, although at a first glance is seems a trifle cold in color. We trust that next year Mr. Pattison will turn his attention to the parallelogram.

244. Study from nature. R. I. Pattison.

189. Edwin White, N. A. This is a noble subject, broadly yet pathetically treated. A grief striken female is kneeling in an attitude of prayer, gazing wildly at her last year's bonnet which is hanging against the wall, and is decidedly shabby. One can see at a glance that her brute of a husband has refused her the customary supply of spring vegetables and that the poor woman, driven to distraction at the thought of having to go out in an old bonnet, is beseeching Heaven to take pity on her misery. I hope sincerely that she will eventually get a fifty dollar hat.



422. Christoval Colon, commonly called Cristopher Columbus, Friday, October, A.D. 1692. C. G. Rosenberg.

422. This favorite, not to say national subject, The Landing of Columbus is treated by Mr. C. Rosenberg with great ability. Mr. O'Titian presents a capital sketch of the picture, which gives an excellent idea of the grouping and general composition.

A mysterious picture, No. 150, bearing this extraordinary title "The Zug Spitz in the Tyrol" appears in the catalogue as the work of J. L. Fitch. The information conveyed by the artist is decidedly unsatisfactory. Who is Zug, and, when he expectorates, why does he desecrate the Tyrol? It is not romantic to say the least of it?

520. An artist. L. G. Sellstedt. My friend O'Titian has in the most masterly manner rendered this singular portrait. "The artist" is up to snuff; observe the acute wink of the eye to which he treats the spectator, as much as to say "no use to try it on with me. No you dont! I'm posted—I am." There is but one thing wanting to make this picture one of the most successful portraits in the exhibirton. The artist should have had his finger to his nose.

520. An Artist. G. L. Stellisted.

About this time O'Titian who had been going out to drink every ten minutes instead of attending to his business, became very much inflamed in the countenance, and denunciatory of the Committee, who as I before said, rejected his grand historical picture, "Columbus aroused by the cry of 'Land.'" He took his stand in the centre of the room, and abused all the Academicians in alphabetical order, being assisted in his task by the Academy Catalogue. After having attacted general attention, his mood became suddenly pathetic, and he burst into tears, declaring with heart rending sobs that he was the victim of a conspiracy. He then proposed to an old gentleman, who was near by that he should buy his, O'Titian's, picture, and on being sternly repelled, burst into tears once more, and declared that he would publish it in Vanity Fair. To this I very properly demurred, and told him that the thing was quite out of the question. O'Titian, on this forthwith wrote me a challenge on a blank leaf of the Catalogue, and asked the old woman who takes the money at the door to deliver it. This proposal, it is needless to say was received with the scorn it merited and in order to pacify the furious Celt, and avoid a scene, I agreed to publish his picture under protest. The public will judge how far my judge ment has been correct.

"Columbus Aroused by the cry of 'Land.'" With an Authentic Negro and patch of the period. Raphael O'Titian. (Rejected by the Committee).

Bister

Bird Law.

Live Oak George is indignant at the injustice done him by his fellow citizens. He says "he does'nt see with what consistency "they can applaud the man or men who pro-"pose only to let loose five hundred miserable "sparrows on Manhattan, when they malign "him for wishing to cover the streets of their "city with rail. He thinks 'a bird in the "hand is worth two in the bush,' and so did "the Legislature at Albany, especially when "the 'bird' was an eagle.

Like unto Like.

A gentleman in Philadelphia has invented a steam-car which can travel, with ease in a circle of singularly limited circumference. Would it not be well to present one to the Smithsonian Institute, for the use of members when establishing practical questions "on "the broad principles of Science?" The circumferal motion would assist in elegantly illustrating their method of reasoning.

Query,

A benighted Peorian wants to know if the notices in the papers of a proximate eclipse of the sun are to be understood as alluding to "Pennsylvania's favorite Son," to whom a similar phenomenon is supposed to be imminent?

Ocular if not Jocular.

"Do you take Pupils?"—as the Member of Congress inquired of the loafer who was bragging of his proficiency in the science of removing superfluous eyes by the gouging process

"I SAY, JACK, IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A BAD JOB IF WOMEN WERE ALLOWED TO VOTE. YOU AND I'D BE ELECTED, SURE; WE'RE SO DEUCED POPULAR AMONG THE GALS."

A YOUNG FELLOW'S NOTION.

I.

I hate the Omnibus; ah me,
Why should all city travel be
A sham, a sell, a mockery?

II.

Behold the stage! 'tis wondrous slow,
With six inside on either row,
Not going where they want to go.

III.

The reach it takes to pay one's fare
Requires a superhuman care,
Lest folks with tender corns should swear.

IV.

The floor is strown with straw unclean,
To drop a fellow's money in;
Was ever greater nuisance seen?

V.

Alighting in a muddy street,
Where carts, and trucks, and stages meet,
But makes one's misery complete.

VI.

Then why not have the Cab—the same
Which from one HANSOM takes its name—
To stop this nuisance and this shame?

VII.

When will discomfort's reign be past?
We surely *must* have Cabs at last;
They're neat and handy, clean and fast.

VIII.

In them, there is no poisoned air,
No straw to catch a fellow's fare,
No crowd of passengers to stare.

IX.

And when a fellow gets down town,
Upon the sidewalk he's set down,
Not left in mud and slime to drown.

X.

O, if I only had my way,
'Twixt six, or twenty cents, to pay,
The Cabs should start this very day!

Hints to Pedestrians.

The N. Y. *Tribune*, one of the editors of which is something of a horseman and one of the Directors of a Saddle Horse Club in New York, gives the following directions to riders: Keep your head up, chin down, chest forward, shoulder, back, elbows in, hands down back in, belly out, feet forward, thighs fixed, knees in, legs close, heels down, toes in, loins loose, seat firm, hand tight, horse and rider well balanced, trot two hours every day without stirrups, and then time and perseverance *may* make you a good horseman.

This is very useful knowledge for owners or hirers of horses; but many people cannot afford the luxury of riding and have to rest content with their natural ability to "go afoot." For their special benefit we append the following rules, modeled on the *Tribune's* Directions:

When walking keep your head up (on your shoulders), chin down (directly under your mouth), chest forward (never behind), shoulders back (of you), elbows in hands (if possible), back in (and up), belly out (side), feet on the ground, thighs fixed (above the knees) knees, in, legs close (except when taking a step), heels down very near the sole of your boots, toes in (your boots), loins loose (negligés), hat firm, hand tight, body well balanced, walk two hours every day without a fire, and then time and perseverance *may* make you a good footman.

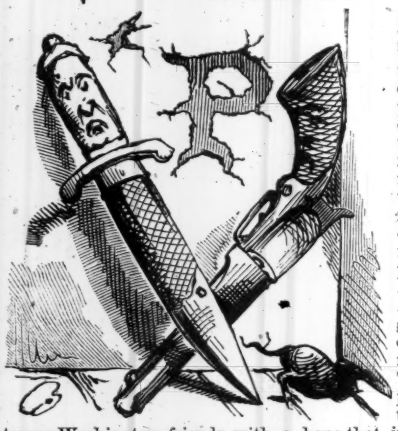
The First Fight on Record.

A Zoo-phyte.

Plural and Very Singular:

The Siamese Twins.

A NEW LETTER-WRITER FOR BELLIGERENT CONGRESSMEN.



PERILOUS and unpleasant duels, involving the destruction of whole reams of Congressional note paper, and the shedding of whole bottles of Congressional ink, are now so common in Washington, all having a curiously similar rise, course, and termination, that we have prepared a Complete Letter-Writer for Belligerent Congressmen, adapted, of course, to the meanest capacity. This work we now present to our bloodthirsty and slaughterous Washington friends, with a hope that it may spare much brain-cudgelling on the part of provincial members.

LETTER I.

MR. A. TO MR. B.

Date.

Mr. B. having made certain offensive remarks in the course of debate yesterday, and being a coward and idiot generally, Mr. A. begs leave to inquire if those remarks were intended as personal, and if Mr. B. is prepared to hold himself responsible for them, as such.

Address.

II.

MR. B. TO MR. A.

Date.

Mr. B. has received Mr. A.'s scurrilous communication, and desires to say, in reply to the impertinent inquiries therein contained, that, whatever was intended by his remarks of yesterday, he is fully prepared to hold himself personally responsible for them, even to the bitter end.

Address.

MR. A. TO MR. B.

Date.

In answer to Mr. B.'s indecent and ruffianly reply to his inquiries, Mr. A. has only to say that he holds Mr. B. personally responsible for his offensive expressions. If Mr. B. is prepared to give a full and abject apology, over his own signature, it will be received. Otherwise, the extreme satisfaction due one gentleman from another will be imperatively demanded.

Address.

IV.

MR. B. TO MR. A.

Date.

Mr. B. begs leave to state that he is not in the habit of giving apologies, but that he is prepared to render any satisfaction Mr. A. may desire, no matter how perilous or deadly. Col. C., the bearer of this note, will arrange any further preliminaries that may be deemed necessary.

Address.

The Gentlemen themselves having nothing more to say, there begins a series of

LETTERS BETWEEN THE SECONDS.

I.

COL. C. TO MAJ. D.

Date.

SIR:—On mature deliberation, my principal, Mr. B., has chosen the howitzer as the weapon to be used. The combat will continue until both are killed, or the gun bursts. Being unacquainted with the pistol, Mr. B. chooses the howitzer as an arm which places both parties on an equality, and may place both on a dead level.

Yours truly,
COL. C., U. S. A.

II.

MAJ. D. to COL. C.

Date.

SIR:—I have consulted with my principal, Mr. A., and he positively declines fighting with the howitzer. It is an unusual weapon, not recognised by the code, and he cannot, therefore, be compelled to accept your principal's choice. Truly yours,
MAJ. D., U. S. A.

III.

COL. C. TO MAJ. D.

Date.

SIR:—My principal, Mr. B., has peremptorily refused to fight with any other weapon than the howitzer. If, however, your principal is prepared to discuss the subject treated of in the House yesterday, and to explain, I think it is possible to effect an amicable and genial adjustment of this truly painful affair.

Yours truly,
COL. C., U. S. A.

IV.

MAJ. D. TO COL. C.

Date.

SIR:—I am commissioned to inform you that my principal, Mr. A., is exceedingly ready to re-examine the cause of quarrel, and to arrange this dispute without a resort to the code. He says that if the words, "you tell a falsehood," had been employed, instead of, "you lie like thunder!" he should not have regarded the remark as personal. Will your principal consent to the retraction of the latter expression in favor of the former?

Truly yours,
MAJ. D., U. S. A.

V.

COL. C. TO MAJ. D.

Date.

SIR:—Nothing could give greater pleasure to Mr. B., than the substitution of the words you mention, for those that he used. He now sees that his observation was unfortunately chosen, and informs me that he sincerely hopes Mr. A. may be entirely satisfied by his withdrawal of it. Yours truly,
COL. C., U. S. A.

Here, of course, the belligerent correspondence terminates, but the subjoined will serve as a model of style for a final note from

MR. A. TO MR. B.

Date.

MY DEAR FELLOW:—I am satisfied, of course—I knew I should be. Please send my letters to me, by bearer, as I want the whole correspondence published—it looks well, you know. Can't you come round to-night with Col. C., to meet Maj. D. and myself at a quiet game of draw poker and a bowl of punch? Come early.

Always yours, A.

Another Conspiracy.

From the *Circuit Judge*, published at Hoboken, N. J., we cut this paragraph:

"A Virginia gentleman was assaulted and severely beaten by a couple of foot-pads in Hudson street, a few evenings since. We advise all who walk at night, to go armed with a stout cudgel; it is a capital stun and arm breaker."

We make the extract, simply that we may rebuke this New Jersey editor for so lightly passing over a matter involving so much. Could he not see that this is simply a plot for the furtherance of the dissolution of the Union? That these persons whom he is pleased to denominate "foot-pads," were nothing more or less, than emissaries of the Republican party. If they were not, why would they have attacked this "Virginia gentleman?" Depend upon it there is more in this matter than the eye sees. They certainly must have known that he was a "Virginia gentleman," and knowing such, the idea of plunder is preposterous. We trust the matter will not be dropped. The citizens of Virginia should be held sacred in their persons from the midnight attacks of abolitionists. If Harper's Ferry is to be avenged, we have great doubt whether it is the mission of Hoboken to avenge it.

To the Public.

We have to announce that the prestige of the Original Squatter Sovereign is departed, it having been demonstrated in Washington, recently, that the Bowie Knife is a Coercyor Settler.

Feminine Ammunition.

(Puff) Powder and (Puff) Ball

JOURNALISM AND THE JAPANESE.

THE ninth regular toast at the banquet given to the officers of the Corvette *Candinamarrah* at Job's Saloon (*Q.* What dishes ought to be preferred at that saloon? *A.* Boils.) in San Francisco, was not "Dear Woman," but "The Press of San Francisco," and we are proud and happy to know that there was not wanting one to utter, not only the sentiment of the sanctum of that gold-girt city, but also that of all the Able Editors from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. This was none other fearless and unbiassed journalist than Mr. MacCrellish, who "called attention "to the fact that the "Japanese were not "properly valued, and "expressing his determination to stand by "them, and the Mongols "generally," closing his remarks with this admirable sentiment, "May "we soon exchange with "Japanese newspapers."

What a glorious sense of the majesty of the American Press the MacCrellish conveyed to the barbarians in these few well-chosen words! What a comforting assurance that they would not be roasted alive, or thrown down an embankment fifty feet high, on purpose, or garrotted, or come over by the drop game, or trampled to death by omnibus horses, or poisoned with strychnine, introduced into more harmless beverages, or crushed by a falling wall, or compared with a Congressman, or insulted by having the *Herald* thrust upon them; in the gallant promise of MacCrellish to "stand by them!" How the "Mongols generally" would have rejoiced to hear the sound of that clarion voice!

It was a brilliant inspiration, too, to express the hope that we may "exchange with Japanese newspapers." We think the Admiral must have enjoyed the delicate wit of that, very much. What better word could the oracle of a great and enlightened people say to the first representatives of a nation distingnished for the advancement of its Arts, and the gracious dignity of its manners, than that we shall be glad to copy their items with proper credit? Could any nation have a higher value than that in the sight of the intelligent journalist? Our surprise is great that the facile and sparkling MacCrellish did not promise the speedy establishment of a Newspaper Express, to deliver the San Francisco papers in Nagasaki and Yedo, before breakfast.

A Typographical Banquet might very properly form part of the hospitality extended to the Japanese in this city. With the understanding that the tables shall be spread at Crook & Duff's, where may be found, at all hours of the day and night, the best genius anywhere in the city, we beg leave to offer a few hints to the representatives of the leading papers who shall be present on the gratifying occasion.

Nothing could be more appropriate from the Editor of the *Herald*, than a statement of his daily and weekly circulation, with the affidavits of his pressmen. To this might be added a history of the rise and progress of the paper and its influence upon the growth and present high standing of the metropolis. The Japanese would also relish some notice of the Typography of Plum Gut, and the *Herald's* views concerning Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, and Little Patti. The mention of the Man for Charleston would be certain to elicit a shout of savage approbation.

The Editor of the *Times* could say nothing that would be surer to enlist all the sympathies of the distinguished guests than Elbows of the Mincio. We believe this sentiment would produce such-rounds of laughter and applause, that with difficulty could the speech be continued. The Sympathies of Youth, moreover, would meet with a certain and hearty response. Of course Kuri-sima-hico-hatsiro would like to know exactly how many copies of the *Times*, daily edition, are printed.

The philosopher of the *Tribune* will be expected to define his position upon the Slavery question, concerning which the Japanese have long labored under great misapprehension. His sentiments touching Divorce would likewise be of peculiar interest to Simme Bujenno-Kami and also Osakabe Jetsaro. The statistics of the *Weekly* could not be omitted. The heathen friends will want to hear what advantages the *Weekly* has over all its cotemporaries as an advertising medium. The *Tribune* man might conclude with some such toast as "Dam-"nation to the Union, and Hurrah for Old Hats!"

Such revelations of intelligence, wit, and patriotism, as these would fill the Japanese with astonishment, and not even the absence of MacCrellish would interfere with the pleasures of the entertainment, which would not soon be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to attend it.

THIEVES! THIEVES! THIEVES!

AT the foot of the title page of this paper, for many weeks past, was a respectful request to the Editorial fraternity of this city and elsewhere, to give us credit for such articles as they might take from our columns.

In many instances, we are happy to state, this has been done, and in many others, very respectable editors have neglected to do us this justice. Among this latter class it is not to be supposed we have any reference to the needy and over-slaughed genluses of literature, who are prominent in this city as the barnacles who derive their meagre subsistence from the nourishment yielded to them by the Sunday papers, upon which they have fastened themselves.

Of course we have never received any contributions from these gentry which have not been respectfully returned within twenty-four hours after their receipt, during which brief period, visions of a currrent X floated before their eyes, and the non-receipt of which, with the failure to appreciate their intense jocosity, over-flowed them with bile, from which they could only be relieved by a prompt application to the columns of the sprightly sheets over whose dismal local jokings they were a power supreme.

Then burst upon the world those brilliant effusions, before which VANITY FAIR "paled "its ineffectual fires;" then from secluded corners were launched forth those fearful broadsides of sarcasm which once gladdened the hearts of the readers of defunct John Donkeys, Lanterns, and other Lights of the Age, so ignominiously quenched in darkness and decay—then wonlerful were the cacklings over the addled eggs of all the solemn dunghill fowls, and deep and mighty were the potations which ensued, and dreadful and dire were the vows of vengeance uttered at midnight, to steal remorselessly from that brilliant sheet, whose effulgent brightness had so speedily eclipsed the penny dips of the New York Weekly Press.

Prominent among the recent barefaced thievery to which we now particularly refer, is the act of a sheet, we believe recently started in Philadelphia, called the *American Sportsman*, which has signalized its advent by an open theft from us, which merits the contempt of all the press of that city. The paper is now before us, and contains one half of our double-page cartoon of the the 14th, "The "Two Champions," with the names of the artist and engraver of this city, who are supposed to have some interest in the matter, carefully omitted, and the name of another artist of Philadelphia substituted, who seems to be contemptible enough to take the credit, for the transfer, as an original engraving, and is therefore a worthy coadjutor of the pirates whose names are at the head of the columns.

We beg leave to furnish them with an addition to their heading, to which they are richly entitled, "*The American Sportsman and Filcher of the Ideas of Others!*" To be sure it would be rather long, but then, do you see, Mr. Koons, it would be so very apt and expressive. Perhaps Mr. Rogers, the artist whose name is appended to the cut, might object to the appropriation, by the paper, of a name which properly belongs to him: if therefore he is over sensitive about it, we would suggest that he should drop the title of artist, and make his next appearance upon the pictorial stage in the character of First Robber.

Neat Paradox.

You will seldom find an Attorney At Law—he knows better.

THE P. R. IN THE BOSOM OF THE FAMILY.

Hetty: NOW CLARA, IF YOU RUSH IN SO, I'LL COUNTER ON YOUR NOB!

THE FOOLISH GIANTS.

A FABLE FOR OUR LITTLE POLITICAL READERS.

Once up-on a time, a great ma-ny years a-go, a fam-i-ly of bad Gi-ants lived to-geth-er in a large Cas-tle. They were al-ways pick-ing quar-rels a-mong them-selves, and fight-ing a-bout no-thing; which was ve-ry wrong.

The big-gest of these Gi-ants whose name was Boo-Kan-Han, was not liked at all by the rest, and two of them, named Ko-Voed and Phor-Nee, set the oth-ers on to turn him out of the Cas-tle, un-less he would pro-mise to wear clean-er lin-en, for they said he was a ve-ry un-ti-dy Gi-ant in-deed, and it is not nice to be un-ti-dy.

This made Boo-Kan-Han an-gry. He wrote the Gi-ants a se-vere mes-sage, giv-ing them all a fine scor-ing. Then they said they would hold a meet-ing and ex-am-ine the clo-set where Boo-Kan-Han kept his clothes, to show the peo-ple all a-round a-bout that he was not neat and clean.

Well, one day they made a great fuss, and asked ev-ery-bod-y to come and learn how un-ti-dy Boo-Kan-Han was, and to de-cide if he ought to live in the Cas-tle an-y lon-ger. So the peo-ple came from all a-round a-bout, and watched close while the clo-set was o-pen-ed, when they saw a ve-ry large pile of ve-ry dir-ty lin-en, and all cried, "O! Shame!"

But when the clothes were ex-am-ined, the peo-ple saw that they were all marked with the names of Phor-Nee, Ko-Voed, and the other Gi-ants who had helped to get up the sto-ry a-bout Boo-Kan-Han. Then all the folks laughed ve-ry loud-ly, and the fool-ish Gi-ants felt ev-er so much a-shamed of them-selves.

Are you not glad that they got so fine-ly laughed at?

FWEDWICK FITZ NOODLE AND THE DEVIL.

The Counter-jumper (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night, while dreaming how to fleece,
And saw, within the gas-light of his room,
Making it dark and festive like a tomb,
The devil writing in a book. Alas!
Exceeding drink made Fwedwick look bold as brass,
And to the 'fellah' in the robe he said
"What writest thou?" The presence raised its head,
And with a smile just like a sweet head-clerk,
Answered, "The names of those who do my work."
"And is mine one?" said Fwedwick. "Not quite yet,"
Replied the devil. Then Fwedwick, in a pet.
But cheerly still, "I fancy you don't know
That I'm head-pimp for Swindle, Smirk, & Co?"

The devil wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great weakening light,
And showed the names of—nuisances, at best,
And lo! Fitz Noodle's name was all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT, † *His Mark.*

The most execrable Conundrum on Record.

How could you, in asking for your bill at a tavern, aptly allude to the wig of the celebrated author of the Hymn-book?
By simply asking what's to pay? (Watts' toupée)

Another Railroad Accident.

Last week, a train on the Hudson River Railroad arrived at its destination, in *safety*—it must have been by *accident*; such a thing could never have been intended.

THE CHARLESTON SOLILOQUY.

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

HAMLET, *last appearance in this character,* - - - - - - - - - - - J——s B—ch—n.
POLONIUS, *by request, with the favorite song "The Man for Charleston is J. B.,"* - - - - - J. G. B—n—tt.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

(FROM A VANITY FAIR POINT OF VIEW.)

No. 3.

CHAPTER 1st—CONTINUED. OF EARLY DISCIPLINE.

NCORE les enfants! We are about to speak of the management of the female child, from its articulate and post-lacteal infancy to the period of its—or more elegantly, her admittance within the "*pale*"—perhaps we might with greater pertinence (or impertinence) say *rouge*—"of society." This is a delicate subject, and we have not dared to adventure unassisted—incomplete bachelor-fraction of humanity that we are!—upon its treatment. We are blessed with a wedlocked feminine relative. Madam is blessed with offspring of both sexes—especially of her own (we refer to own *sex*). We dwell propinquous to Madam. And—"have we not, therefore, authority for these things." Selah!

The Female child is to be clothed upon similar principles to those regulating the habiting of the male. Only more so! And with much superaddition of jewelry, and general regard to ornamental effect. Her exercise will be as limited as possible; to be chiefly taken in a close carriage during the bright, dry days of winter, and in an open barouche under the aguish sunshine of the damp, spring atmosphere. In walking, (of which there must be as little as circumstances will allow) every possible encumbrance to regular locomotion, respiration, and comfort should be attended to in the costume, and a nurse should be selected who is irritably curious and selfishly oblivious, much given to John, and shop-windows, and regardless of crossings. As these are the prominent traits of nurseic character generally, there will not be much difficulty in finding one to suit. The female child should early be instructed to make comparisons between the toilets, dolls, &c., of other little girls and her own, and to assert her superior richness and elegance in all, in order to acquire the eminently ladylike accomplishments of tittle-tattle, gossip, *et sim:* She should be carefully trained in the mistressly use of the pout, the sulk, the nervous headache, and the 'gush of tears.' Also in the adroit application of the insinuation, the meaning toss of the head, the caprice, the direct and indirect insult, and, most difficult and important of all, the semblance of martyr-like resignation. Finally she must be *au fait* of the shades of force, and varieties of sentiment to be expressed by the words, 'dear,' 'darling,' 'hateful,' 'horrid,' 'cheap,' 'five minutes,' and at least 901 other feminine technicalities for which, *vide* Female Dictionary (when published) by P, S. Phynks. F. L. &c. Fainting having greatly declined of late years, owing to strong-minded influence, this is comparatively unimportant, and may be left to nature. N. B. We omitted to speak of the gradual but rigidly-to-be-kept-up increase of tightening the waist-bands and the boots, until the requisite degree (which is the superlative) of deformity be produced. There cannot be too much stress laid on these two points. N. B. No. 2. Highly important. The most distant approach to any knowledge of housekeeping, culinary, and other domestic economy, must be most jealously guarded against, or all is lost!! The female child should be sent to dancing-school as soon as practicable—one where there are nice little boys with whom she must be encouraged to dance; and she should be asked if she has fallen in love with any one of them—if any one of them kisses her—and many other similar delicate questions from time to time, to familiarize her with these tastes and sentiments, and gently indoctrinate her in the "feminine arts" of coquetry, *&c.*

The Female Child—but really, even with the aid of Madam, we feel incompetent to this portion of our task. We contritely confess it! Let us—by your kind indulgence, Reader—let us carry the Female Child at a "killing pace" (which, after all, is the natural stride of this graceful animal—*mille pardons!*—now-a-days) to the gilded threshold of 'Good Society,' by saying, in few words, that, with "such and similar adventitious aids and appliances," she must be rendered as artificial as the nature of the case will permit, physically and mentally, for her successful *debut* and victorious career in the social battle-field, to which we will suppose that she, at the same time with her male companion, has now made her first salute. And thus we step at once into the 'Rules,' 'hints,' 'guides,' andsoforth of our *Code, per* CHAPTER 2d.

V. F. GOLDSTICK.

To be continued.

OUR MUSEUM.

Scissors—a gentleman connected with our editorial department—is engaged upon a fresh collection of curiosities of literature. He clipped the following effusion from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the day before the recent Charter Election in that city, and it is needless to say it evinces an alliance of poetry with politics, in that sentimental region as hopeful to the sandal-weary pilgrims of Parnassus wherever, in our broad land, his steps are bent unto that sunlit top, as gratifying to the well-wishers of Republican institutions throughout the world. We are at a loss which to admire the most—the noble emotion which inspired this glowing apostrophe, or the signal ability with which it is executed.

Let it be observed that the poet, disdaining the baseness of a gratuitious publication, nobly paid for its insertion in the advertising column:—

THESE FEW LINES WERE COMPOSED IN PRAISE OF THAT VALUABLE character whose name is CHARLES PARKER, our expected candidate for Alderman in the 12th Ward, in the City of Brooklyn.

Now, Brooklyn, adieu! where rural pleasures abound,
No strife or confusion moves your suburbs around;
Felicity rules and golden plenty is found;
The gods and the muses choose it still for their ground.

When Adam and Eve had been in Paradise placed,
In Brooklyn, I believe, they believed, they seen their happiness graced.
Some authors agreed that cheerful Bacchus of late
Has planted her trees and squeezed the juice of the grapes.

The goddess of youth, a golden goblet she bore,
Both Jove and his Court the lucid cup did adore;
The same you may view, Charles Parker had it in store:
I seen it in bloom and used by his forefathers of yore.

My seat here I choosed, where pure felicity reigns,
Great wealth he pursues, yet lucre still he disdains,
Brooklyn he will subdue, Charles Parker still is my theme,
The pillar of truth whos rules will extant remain.

And wherever he steers no fear can enter his breast,
For the good wish of his neighbors he always cheerfully had,
As for the present affair, victorious he will come off.
And let his neighbors all pray, triumphant he may be in that.

Composed by me. T. S.

Appeals to Liberality.

The Smithsonian Institution is endeavoring to raise $3,000 by subscription, to defray the expenses of fitting out an expedition to Cape Chedlay, the northeast point of Labrador, to take observations on the solar eclipse of the 18th July, the duration of which will be exactly 12 minutes 50 seconds. We trust the appeal will succeed. A taste must be encouraged in the public mind for such pursuits, and while urging its cultivation, we may as well speak of a little matter we have on foot of a like kind. We propose an expedition this summer to the Rocky Mountains, with the design of getting as near as possible to the rising place of the moon, that we may settle the long disputed question as to whether this luminary is really composed of green cheese. Its solution will add very much to astronomical truth, and we shall, even while pursuing the subject, go further and enquire into the verity of tales that are now believed by many to have no foundation. Among these we may mention, that of the man in the moon, and the animal legend of

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cats and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."

To those taking an interest in this expedition, we would respectfully say that subscriptions will be received at this office.

A Fine Opening for Lewis Cass.

"The Insane Asylum at Kalamazoo, Michigan, is now open for the "reception of men patients. Heretofore only women have been "admitted."

Motto for the Non-Resistants.

"Unlike the wind, returning blow for blow,
We all should treat our foemen "comme il foe."

A WASHING WAY THE HEATHEN HAVE.

HAT did the Japanese do almost the moment they set foot on our Pacific shore? In the first glow of delight at their release from the discomforts and perils of a stormy voyage, and of surprise at the spectacle of enterprise which San Francisco presents, did they direct fixed attention to the crowds of accommodating, cheerful, and tastefully dressed people, to the rows of palatial emporiums all in one style of architecture, and adorned with elegant signs, and all the other bristling evidence of greatness? Did they ask to be taken at once to the upright and honorable commercial mart, to the brilliant bazar of fashion, to the theatre, or to the church? Did they desire to have immediately pointed out to them a real mine, in the act of disgorging untold wealth? Did they want to know the aggregate value of the substantial property before them, or the names of the richest men?

They obeyed the barbarous instinct of their nature. Their first inquiry was for the Baths. They sought to know whether the most wonderful people on the earth keep themselves clean. Undazzled by the grand show of good fortune and active intelligence, calmly acknowledging the considerate attentions which were bestowed upon them by gentle hackmen, graceful ladies, and decorous policemen, giving courteous assent to those superiorities, which were doubtless suggested without any delay whatever, these half-civilized beings went straight to the source (ha! ha!) of all true greatness, physical and moral—soap and water! Of course their motive was purely selfish. Long confinement to a close sick ship, with water, water everywhere, and not a drop to get at without a considerable difficulty, had made ablution the first necessity of their nature. Of course an American who had circumnavigated the globe itself, would not, on landing, have gone to the Bath. Civilization of the clear grit would have hastened his footsteps to the Bar. Instead of seeking relief for his unwholesomeness in absurd water, applied externally, the brandy "straight," the whiskey "skin," the plain or fancy fluid, internally applied, would have speedily brought it to him.

In their profound heathenism, the Japanese place cleanliness above godliness. Mr. Oliphant mentions, with ill-concealed disgust, that certain hours of the day, in the fair land of Polish, are devoted strictly to family immersion. When the time to duck and drip draws near, the very children make no ugly faces or noble demonstrations of a proud scorn, but actually hail it with delight, and, when they once get in, instead of gloriously resisting every drop of the dire element, flash about with a recklessness which, happily our tubs do never know, no, never. The grown people wash. Often! All over!! Hard!!! A pitiless warfare is waged against dirt of the most respectable varieties. The streets of the cities are kept fornarly clean. Offal is all off them in a jiffy. Such is the darkness of those who have no Sunday School Union!

We are compelled to record, with a sorrow, not unmingled with pity, that Ogure-Bungo-nokami, Kuri-sima-hico-hatsiro, Skahara Jhungoro, Sewo-sawa-Scogero, and others of the savage clan, were gratified with the result of their investigations. They laved their misguided limbs. They tried the hot, the tepid, and the cold, the fresh and the salt, the plunge and the douche, and found all good. Their cuticles expanded with a pitiful joy.

But if is good to reflect how utterly we shall disappoint whatever expectations of cutaneous degradation they may have formed while rolling profanely in the "darkening fathoms," or bending to the straight and stinging shower. What will Sinme Bujen-no-kami, what will Hetaka Keisaburo have to say of the streets of New York, with their independent heaps of foulness, diffusing a free and mighty balm. Will not a sense of their own inferiority overwhelm those dreadful creatures when they wake, morning after morning, to the same dust, and the self-same mud, of purest clay serene?

When Matsmoto Sanejio beholds the bath-tub in our midst, will not his wild and untamed heart sink within him? And the whole Embassy, when they arouse to the simple facts that our great cities are quite destitute of aqueous priveleges for the dirty poor, that the rivers running by are held sacred from the touch of naughty little boys' toes; that the people who take a bath every morning, are branded with contempt, and regarded with suspicion, and forced to waste their saponaceous sweetness on the desert air—when these glorious American home truths come upon them, will they not, in the bitterness of their vain rage, set us down as miserable heathen, susceptible of missionary and mikado?

BENNETT TO DOUGLAS

AIR:—"*O Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.*"

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;—
Though readers and pooblic and a' should be mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
But ye maun tent, mon, when ye come to court me,
It'll nae use to come with a dirty baubee,
For I hae muckle siller mysel', ye see:
And come as ye were nae comin' to me,
And come as I'd come were I comin' to thee.

Sing "Paris" and I'll come to you, my lad,
Sing "London" and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though readers and pooblic and a' should be mad,
Jamie will venture wi' ye, my lad.
At Congress, or home, or where'er ye may be,
Speak of Jamie as though that ye cared nae a flie;
But if ye should meet, blink your bonnie black e'e—
Yet look as ye were nae looking at me,
Ye look as I look when I'm looking at thee.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O promise and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though readers and pooblic and a' should be mad,
Thy Jamie will venture wi' ye, my lad.
I vow and protest I ne'er cared for J. B.—
The reason should hae sent me ower the sea.
But coutt nae that Raymond, though joking ye be,
For fear that he wyl your fancy frae me,
For fear that he wyle your fancy frae me.

ALDERMANIC IMPUDENCE.

A few days since, one of the Aldermen—we shall not hold him up to the indignation of the public by giving the name, offered a preamble and resolution setting forth that the Hoboken Ferry Company, alias Mr. Somebody Stevens, neglected the conditions of its lease, by running two rascally old boats, that should long since have been condemned, and only running those at such hours as they pleased. Now can anything be more impertinent than this? this Aldermanic interference with the operations of foreign steamers? It is well for this Alderman that he has the broad waters of the Hudson between himself and the power he has offended. His interference must, unquestionably, have grown out of ignorance. He cannot certainly be aware that the owner of Hoboken, who, as a matter of course, is also the owner of the Ferry, has entire disposal of the lives, properties, and other etceteras of his subjects. He cannot know that this great man is a subsidized monarch; that the United States government are perpetually paying him immense sums, which he expends, or is supposed to expend, on a great battery, for the ultimate purpose of taking New York. (We trust we are not wrong in our statement, but the fact is, that so long a time has elapsed, since the commencement of this battery, that the original purpose of the work has become merely a legend.) Let this alderman beware, lest at some unguarded hour he be decoyed to Hoboken, and made to suffer the penalty of his temerity.

Serves Him Right.

The *Express* gives an account of the robbery of the Marine Bank of Savannah, in which it states that suspicion was entertained of the clerk or cashier left in the bank on the previous evening. The amount taken was $45,000, all of which the robber suffered to be recovered, but $3,000, which he had already lost at the gambling table. The account ends with,

"The suspected party has been arrested, and finds himself bound over for trial in an almost penniless condition."

Now this is what we call a scurvy rogue. To allow himself to be caught, and that without any money secured beyond the fingers of justice. Such a villain should not be sent to the State prison; he will corrupt the inmates. Forty-five thousand dollars, and not a cent saved to grease the wheels of Justice! Infamous and revolting! How is the criminal code in Georgia? can they not hang this fellow? Society imperatively demands that something should be done to make a frightful example of the improvident scamp.

A CHANCE FOR THE LAWYERS.

1st IRISH GENTLEMAN.—Lave yer hand from them coals, I say!

2nd IRISH GENTLEMAN.—Bother! it's the boss himself that gave me the job.

1st I. G.—If ye touch them coals I'll bring ye before the coorts!

2nd I. G.—"Coorts" is it? Then I'll employ the best laygal talent in the country to defate ye!

THE MANUFACTURE OF FUN.

THE WHOLE PROCESS.

We are in the receipt of a number of communications, bearing such unparalleled signatures as "A Constant Inquirer," and "An Anxious Reader," which ask for information of the system pursued in this office, and of the various processes through which the raw material of idea passes before it becomes the brilliant and pleasing article which is in such universal demand. Although such inquiries are obviously unwarranted by commercial precedent, we are disposed to gratify the curiosity of these correspondents. This is becoming more and more a Personal country, and since the *Herald* has dragged the domestic colored citizen into the light of publicity and turned the private life of the shoemakers of the East inside out, it is a duty we owe ourselves to avoid misrepresentation or direct calumny by admitting the universal nation within the penetralia of our temple of harmless mirth. The fact that several new comic papers are about to be started the more disposes us to make these revelations, inasmuch as those of their proprietors and contributors who have had no experience whatever in the business may get some valuable hints, for which all we demand in return is the proper credit.

The reader will please imagine himself in a spacious apartment overlooking the whole city of New York, and commanding a perfect view of that contracted space which constitutes the rest of the world. The furniture is of the most tasteful and luxurious description. Every shade of color is a harmony, every form a grace. The most complete and expensive library in the country conceals one wall, surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare, without a speck of dust upon it. The collection embraces all the volumes of *Punch* except the last, together with the other standard works in all languages. Upon a handsome table, with an expensive cloth, are scattered with negligent grace, the newspapers and other periodicals of the day. The apartment is adorned with pictures, generally historical. This is the sanctum of VANITY FAIR.

At exactly eight o'clock the writer arrives. (In summer he is expected to be earlier.) He is a few days over seventeen years of age, and wears a wide collar, turned down, and black curls. He smiles four times, and then goes to a closet and produces a dozen of champagne, of which he opens and drinks one bottle. Immediately his eyes begin to sparkle, and the corners of his mouth are wreathed with jollity. Good things flash from him. He rattles off a leader with a gold pen. The printer takes it. He is an honest fellow, with ruddy cheeks, and firm, white arms, from which the pure linen is rolled up. The writer throws himself back on a downy cushion and blows smoke bubbles, at the same time running one hand nervously through his hair. At short intervals he seizes the pen and dashes off a parody of a familiar poem, or a satire, or a sparkling *mot*. It is now meridian. He touches a silver bell and a laughing boy (the son of Mr. Momus) appears, with a tray containing all the luxuries of the season. The writer eats the wing of a small and delicious bird, facilitating its progress with another bottle of the exhilarating wine. Good things now scintillate from him with such bewildering rapidity that many are left over till next week, and many others escape and are used by the other comic papers. In the meantime he looks carefully through all the leading journals, and comments, with great ability, upon their principal features. He also glances at a mass of communications which are instantly rejected. He takes them in his arms to an open window and gives them to the winds, and these also are used by the other comic papers.

The wits of the city now drop in, overflowing with spirits. They drink up the rest of the wine, and recline on soft couches. There are incessant sallies of the richest humor. The brilliant repartee flashes from side to side. The world, with its miserable ambitions and grovelling cares, is held up to ridicule. Money is satirized stingingly. The writer immediately returns all the clever things that are said to their proper owners. His own resources are too great to need foreign supplies.

Thus the hours glide by in splendid train. At three o'clock the artist makes his appearance. He is a picturesque, dark-eyed youth, in a blouse and a brigand hat beneath which flow long and raven curls. He has a roll of characteristic sketches which he has been taking on Broadway, and at all the popular places of resort. These are transferred to wood by a new process, the mystery of which we are bound by oath not to reveal.

Thus the day's work (if work such joyous occupation can be called) is completed, and the writer and the artist, attended by a jovial band of literati, stroll up Broadway, the observed of all observers. It is not our province to follow them further. Golden hours of thoughtless happiness are before them. No rude cares shall obtrude. As they are born to wit so also are they born to fortune. Want they never know. Their bodies cared for by a generous and sympathizing public, their minds are left free to evolve pleasant fancies.

Our duty to our respectable and prompt correspondents would not be fulfilled did we omit to mention that the writer and the artist and the printer work only for amusement. Pecuniary considerations they despise.

Directions for Discovering when it is Twelve O'Clock.

BY THE NEW TIME BALL ON THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

I. Wait till it is almost noon.
II. Go to Wall-street and stand opposite the Custom House.
III. Look for the Ball.
IV. Wait ever so long.
V. If you see the Ball drop, you may conclude that it is twelve o'clock.
VI. If you don't see the Ball drop you may be sure that it is either before or after twelve o'clock.
VII. It will now be time to take a drop yourself.

LITTLE E. M.
Brooklyn Heights, April 20th, 1860.

Revised Proverb.

Evil communications corrupt two in the bush.

SHOW FUNERALS.

THE following cheerful advertisement appears in one of our journals:

PUBLIC NOTICE.—A. BREWSTER'S LIVERY STABLE. A. Brewster would inform his friends and the public that he has been to a large expense in procuring a beautiful Glass Hearse with oval sides, and Carriages. To meet the wants of the age, and to prevent any imposition upon the public he has adopted the following course that he will not let his Oval Glass Side Hearse single where carriages are used at a funeral, his charges are so low that they will not admit of letting the Hearse single. The public will be accomodated and receive due attention by calling at his place of business, 212 State-street Continued.

P. S.—A. BREWSTER is a live man and deserves the patronage of the public; he has gone to greater expense in this department than any other livery-man in the city for his Glass Hearse and Carriages. The charges are the same as at other Livery Stables.

Cinderella has evidently inspired our mortuary friend A. Brewster. A glass slipper was a trifle compared to a glass hearse, and A. B. is likely to reap much profit from his vitreous vehicle. Most people, when death is imminent, expect to escape from the Pains of this world, but A. B. takes care that they shall accompany them to the grave. The ingenious livery stable keeper's designs are transparent. He will not let his beautiful Oval Glass Side Hearse unless people also hire his carriages. The glazed apparatus is a sort of premium upon a patronage of the hack business. Hire my carriages, says Brewster, and I will throw my glass hearse in. The very idea of proceeding to the grave in such a conveyance is luxurious. Formerly it was the acme of splendor, for living persons to ride in a glass coach. Fancy the sense of satisfaction that must overwhelm each of us, when we become penetrated with the fact that we can ride in one when dead!

Brewster is cautious. Fearful lest the funereal character of his advertisement should lead people to confound him with his clients, he takes advantage of a P. S. to inform the public that he is "a live man." This is pleasant to know, for a glass hearse, and a dead coachman, would be more than even the mildest corpse could bear.

To drop jest, the truth lying at the bottom of this digusting announcement is that the spirit of ostentation does not stop even at the grave. Heirs and relatives who undertake the task of burying some poor fellow, like to do it as splendidly as they can afford. Where would be the use of the rosewood coffin and the silver filagree work, if no one saw it but the immediate friends of the family? No! Let the poor dead body be flaunted down Broadway, and across the Ferry, and excite the wonder and admiration of those vulgarians who only see in the solemn procession with which Life closes, an occasion for festivities and display. But if this mortuary exhibition is at all advisable, why not carry glazing into coffins, and have plate glass graves? Then Greenwood would be a sort of show window, and tickets might be affixed to the different articles informing the public how much each individual cost the family. This would be at once gratifying to the feelings of the survivors, and would contribute to the decency of the grave.

The Milk Accounted For.

The *Wheeling Intelligencer* relates the case of a child who was severely bitten by a dog, the result of which bite was that the child fell into doggish habits, snapping and snarling, running on all fours, etc. This great physiological fact settles a question that has long troubled our mind. We see now why certain officials, such as Police Captains, Railroad Conductors and those dressed in a little brief authority are invariably gifted with such overflowing politeness—over the left! In their youth they have unquestionably been bitten.

Congressional Latin.

"*Quorum pars fui*"—A part of the quorum has fled.

Crawford, M. C. from Ga.

A Concord and Unconquered Man.

Sanborn.

A. P.

I.

PATTI is going away! The columned hall
Of the Academy shall miss her voice;
No more may painted dome and panneled wall
Ring to the silvery sweetness we heard fall
From her fair lips to make our hearts rejoice!

II.

A glittering triumph may await her, where
The sea rolls up its foam on Albion's shore,
And noble heads may bow before her there;
But those pure notes that floated down the air
Of Irving Place, shall greet our ears no more!

III.

No doubt, she goes to study and to sing;
No doubt she goes to win a lasting name;
No doubt her praises through the world will ring,
And she will wed a Count, or some such thing,
With lots of money, and a dreadful name!

IV.

But who, ah, who will take the vacant place
She leaves within our hearts, when she is gone?
That childlike purity, that girlish grace,
That fresh fair voice and ever gentle face,
Our tenderest love and sympathy have won!

V.

Well, since it must be so, O, let us lift
A prayer that she may prosper and rejoice;
That, in the voyage of life, her bark may drift
Safe through the storms that beat and winds that shift,
Steered by the goodly Compass of her voice!

The March of Intellect.

From the New York *Sun* of the 18th inst., we take this advertisement:

NOTICE TO SEA CAPTAINS—ANY ONE WISHING TO PURCHASE A CAWL, please call at 182 West 18th street, near 8th avenue.

We can imagine how each of our readers, upon perusing this will congratulate himself on the fact that he was born caulless, that he is not in the unpleasant position of the actual owner of this caul, without his natural belongings; while some safety-hunting but superstitious and hardy mariner is ploughing the raging main, with his cawl—O! how can we say the words—possibly sewed into the seat of his pantaloons, to enable him to swim ashore in case of accident. How unpleasant must be the thought to him born with a caul, that he has been deprived of this antidote to the action of cold water by the arts of a speculative mother, who looked with more ardent gaze upon the lucre, than upon her child's exemption from the dangers of the sea. We propose that this caul be purchased by the Hoboken Ferry Company, to be loaned to passengers venturing on those magnificent boats, the Newark and the Phœnix.

Neglected Vegetables.

Policemen's Beats.

The Faithful to the Pope.

"Give us your toe!"

Is Stolen Fruit the Sweetest?

Ask Boucicault.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

VANITY FAIR

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and is for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single cop.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Five copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$13 00
Ten copies	23 00
Twenty copies	40 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

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Nos. 14 and 16 Ann-street, New-York.
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FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS.

LADY.—You had better take my advice, Sambo, and use the Japanese Polish.

SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa Perry takes de shine out of dis chile sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

PERRY'S JAPANESE
BOOT AND SHOE POLISH
Is rapidly taking the place of
BLACKING.

No rubbing is required,
as the polish appears
immediately upon its application.

It does not Soil the Finest Fabric,

in any weather, and its lustre is retained for a great length of time, as

WATER DOES NOT AFFECT IT.

The leather is preserved by it,
and boots and shoes on which it is used last much longer.

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Superbly flavored.
As an Ornament,
And as a
Toilette pleasure,
IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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Encased in two forms.

No. 1—GOLDEN BANDED OCO—
Retains all its natural strength and pungency, as imported.

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Designed expressly for the Northern market—retains all its powers as a dentifrice—though greatly reduced in its stimulating properties—harmless to the enamel of the teeth; it imparts to them that peculiar brilliancy for which the ladies of Southern Europe are so justly celebrated. It needs but a single application to convince yourself of its merits.

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